

CHARACTER BEST READ FROM THE LIPS

DEDUCTIONS WHICH THE FOUNDER OF THE SYSTEM DECLARES HAVE PROVED CORRECT IN EVERY CASE

That true indications of a person's character may be found in the lips is the theory of a seeker after unusual lines of whom Edmond Russell once said that he was an American Yogi, whose powers were attained in India in some previous birth.

For a number of years he has been making a study of the mouth as an index of character, and in speaking of it he says that while each feature is significant, all save the mouth are under the control of what may be named the momentary will. That is, the eyes may sparkle, the tongue speak words of cheer, the whole personality seem animated, even a smile may light up the countenance, but the lips, when their manifestations are understood, may contradict these indications and their denial will be the truth.

Being, as far as he knows, the first to make a systematic study of the mouth as an indicator of character, he has had many on which to rely, save the data he has collected, and these are by no means inconsiderable. He has read the lips of hundreds of people, including many prominently before the public. All, with one accord, assert that the delineation he has given has been a revelation, at once astonishing, suggestive and inspiring.

His method of reading character in the lips he has sought to reduce to a system. He makes no mystery of his lip reading, but says he simply takes the lips as the keynote, which in each individual is different. Studying these differences, as he finds them exemplified in various people, he has determined in a general way what certain types signify and has made these observations the basis of his method.

In speaking of this theory he quotes Emerson as saying: "God gives me his features, but he moulds his own mouth," and he declares that while the mouth is the one feature that cannot be made to indicate what does not exist, it does indicate, unmistakably, changes in character.

He asserts that often in a single year he has seen the lines of a mouth change so radically that it became altogether a different type. For example, the lips curling like a rose petal, rarely if ever completely closed, which indicate an impressionable person whose purposes are not long maintained in any given direction, will, as the character becomes self-contained and the aims definite and persistently maintained, assume clearly defined lines and close firmly.

Again, the delicately modelled mouth, with drooping corners, the extremely sensitive person who craves appreciation and sympathy, will grow straight and cease to be tremulously flexible as the person becomes more philosophical, independent and better able to select and reject and command situations.

As these changes are constantly taking place, distinct types, such as furnish a definite basis for character reading, from the lips, are rare. This being so, in order to read the lips it is necessary first of all to recognize and keep constantly in mind the differences in things apparently similar and the resemblances in those which seem dissimilar.

According to this gentleman's theory, the elementary lips are full, heavy, firm of flesh, but not of line, and have little if any modeling. Such lips may close in a way that indicates resolution, but this simply indicates a persistent adherence to the tendencies indicated, such as indulgence of the animal appetites, idleness and disregard of those restrictions which safeguard society.

People with these lips, says Mr. Sagerson, are usually plump rather than angular. Which recalls Balzac's assertion that the unselfish, sympathetic, intuitive and high minded woman is flat, not round, waisted.

The lips of one who is dominated on the material plane have characteristics in common with the elementary type, but are not so thick or so firm of flesh, while the lines are better. Such mouths are broad, and although they may not seem to close firmly, the upper lip is long, and at times the whole face seems to converge in tense lines about the mouth.

Persons who have this type of mouth have the instinct of self-preservation highly developed; are able by their native intelligence to rule in the material world and have senses more active than delicate. They prefer the immediate to the beautiful, enjoy contemplating work which leads them to consider the amount of physical labor expended in doing it, and are content with nothing less than superfluous abundance.

They have an exact memory for the obvious; are very systematic; have remarkable power of analysis and perfect command of the muscles. Napoleon and President Roosevelt are mentioned as having mouths of this type.

As full of contradictions as the character is the mouth which indicates the artistic temperament. This mouth is usually sizable and, while closing evenly, is yet subject to fluttering irregularity of motion, which causes it to seem unequal in form.

It does not droop at the corners as does the sensitive mouth. The modelling is clearly marked, the modelling well defined and includes the lower as well as the upper lip. The even closing indicates persistency in its own peculiar direction, but the lips are so full, flexible and delicate that there is no suggestion of set determination.

Those who have this mouth are at once idle and industrious; will ever sacrifice the useful to the ornamental, never know there is a happy medium, and reach by quick insight that which others are unable to gain by painstaking labor. Margaret Blington's lips are an example of this type.

As unlike as fact and fancy are the lips of those devoted to utility and those with the artistic temperament.

The former are full and round, with none of the curves which mark the modelling of the artistic lip, and have little if any division of the upper lip, being about equally developed and firm rather than flexible of flesh, there is, while no lack of indications, an utter want of varying expression.

Those who have these lips are forceful folk, persevering, able to forebear, as to material things, enterprising, shrewd and tremendously ambitious; but they prefer privileges to liberty, submit readily to authority, and also restrain others when opportunity offers. People who have these lips suspect any proposition which is not

clearly defined, prefer the excellent to the beautiful, and the useful, in fact, to all else.

The distinctly philosophical mouth has the upper lip straight, clearly defined and well modelled, with the lower lip full and broad and closing up over it in a way which makes it the distinctive feature of the mouth. Peculiar and striking, their mouths are usually accompanied by a large and somewhat pendulous nose and a long rather than a round face.

One with this mouth has an inclination, which amounts to enthusiasm, for philosophical science; is fond of analysis, of sounding the meaning and cause of his sensations and the origin of things in general. He forms his own opinions and accepts nothing until he has examined it from all points of view; is governed by reason rather than by faith or love, is open to doubt, and desires to be so, and through this is sometimes pedantic, scepticism and he is but never to fanaticism.

These people judge things not from appearances, but from innate characteristics; appreciate the beautiful; are elegant; staunch without being stubborn; fond of argument, still not contentious; can concentrate all the faculties on one subject and persist. They love truth and justice; are able under circumstances to control themselves, and turn everything to good account.

This mouth also indicates one who can grasp things in their entirety and at the same time examine them in detail, and withal is appreciative and has a keen sense of humor. The mouth of Dante is a notable example of this type. Among well known men of the present day the late Rev. David Swing of Chicago and Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul exemplify the philosophical mouth.

The lips of those who live in the ideal world of the spirit, the psychic mouth, is most interesting to observe and difficult to describe. They are delicately lined, fine of flesh, delicately modelled and rarely more than lightly closed, which gives the expression of one looking for something beyond the range of ordinary vision.

Whatever a face may have or lack, this mouth imparts refinement and a certain allurements. Lips of this kind indicate one who lives in the ideal; for the real with which he has to do idealizes.

The unseen is more to him, is more a fact, than the real. He worships beauty, and when he does not find it in the world about him his imagination supplies it. People who have this mouth never become rulers of men, as their idealism raises them above ambitions of this sort; but from the realm of ideas in which they live they often become leaders, through opening new avenues of thought and inspiring movements for the betterment of humanity. A forlorn hope does not daunt these people, and they go forward to victory, impelled rather by fervor of soul than by activity of body.

This mouth is found among all classes, and he is, indeed, unfortunate who has this mouth and must undertake manual labor to live, as he is certain to be crushed and dejected on account of inability, and so is likely to be tempted to any course in order to escape his lot. Such a person, from the order of his rough, trying and to him utterly distasteful things of a work-a-day life. While incapable of successfully undertaking manual labor, those who have this mouth are not idlers, but in their way are constantly employed, and are never satisfied until they have achieved the best of which they are capable. Richard Le Gallienne has a mouth of this type.

The mixture of the outer and inner, of the features of distinctive types. When the mouth changes with every emotion it indicates that a person is both sensitive and impressionable. When the muscles of the mouth are compressed and held firm until the lines are hard, it indicates unmistakably a person of determination.

When the corners of the mouth turn up and a smile looks about them, the owner is one who seeks the bright side of things and is inclined to be happy go lucky. A long, thin mouth indicates one who keeps his ambitions and hopes within his own heart, one who knows more of the blight than bloom of life. Such do not seek encouragement, but sorely need it.

Full, loose lipped mouths denote lack of self-control, violent but not deep emotions; force, which is not power, and one destitute of either the ability or the inclination to be stable or persistent.

When one side of the upper lip is higher than the other, the person is prone to look at things at a tangent, which often inclines him to a cynical turn of mind. Orderly people invariably have lips that close evenly and firmly.

All these indications are at once fixed and variable. That is, loose lips unfailingly indicate certain characteristics; but when the will is inclined to high aims persistence in a given direction is assiduously cultivated and the strong animal force which these lips indicate is used to subjugate the will. In other words, the loose lips become firm, the lines grow definite, and the mouth, which indicates mercurial indecision, is transformed.

Whether the average person would be able to enter the complex labyrinth of another's individuality, as does this lip reader, by means of the lips, is a question. The same way, and the most brilliant color combinations affect the eye of one who is color-blind differently from one whose color sense is normal. Yet, while it might not be possible for all, or even many, to reach the subconscious self of their fellows, it is not difficult to follow the theory in its more simple conclusions. There are few who are great mathematicians; still the science of mathematics is in universal use.

The gentleman whose system is here described is not a lip reader by profession, but, as he puts it, by recreation. He pursues the study and gives readings for the reason that, like Abou Ben Adhem, he loves his fellow men, and believes that he is called to serve them in this way.

In reading for men, while taking the lips as an aid, he fixes his attention on the eyes and nose as well, and in reading for women he takes into account the lips, eyes and hair. Quickly following are indications of the character of the character of which they are the expression.

Wireless Telegraphy in the Forest.
From Country Life in America.

The Weather Bureau is investigating the practicability of a system of wireless telegraph fire alarms in the Government forest reserves, which comprise 63,000,000 acres.

WE ARE A BLUE-EYED RACE

In Spite of the Influx of Black-Eyed Immigrants, Blue Is Still the Color Most in Demand in Artificial Eyes.

"We are still a blue-eyed race," said the man who sells artificial eyes. "In spite of the tremendous influx of dark-eyed races in the last few years the call for blue eyes in our business overbalances all the rest."

"Of course, artificial eyes are largely the result of accidents, and so are most in demand in the hazardous callings. There is a permanent demand for them in the Western mining regions, where the miners are largely American and Irish. I should think there must be 30,000 glass eyes in use beyond the Mississippi."

"Of all colors, blue eyes are the hardest to match. There are many different shades of blue eyes, and they melt into one another by imperceptible gradations. There is the cat blue eye, the common, pale blue eye, which is, so to speak, the conventional blue eye."

"Then there is a blue-gray, a blue-brown and a blue-green eye. But as to that pet of the novelist, the violet-eyed heroine, I never saw her. That full, rich, liquid, deep blue eye, the color of violets, which writers are so fond of giving their heroines, does not exist in grown people. It is seen only in very young children, where, indeed, it is the loveliest thing in nature."

"Neither is there any such thing as a black eye. A negro's eye is not perfectly black. It is simply a darker shade of brown."

"Hazel and gray eyes are the easiest to match. Persons with one blue and one black eye are not rare. There was a funny little incident one day when a man came in here after an operation to have a glass eye put in."

"His remaining eye was dark, and we

matched it very nicely. After he had taken a good look at himself in the glass he heaved a sigh of relief and said:

"Well, it's an ill wind that blows no good at all. I've been tormented with one blue eye and one black one all my life. At last I've got them both alike."

"We have one customer who seems to luxuriate in glass eyes. She is a connoisseur. She comes around several times a year and spends hours sitting before that glass having new eyes fitted and examining and discussing the effect."

"She seems to regard it as a privilege of wealth to have a change of eyes, and her jewel box must contain enough of them to stock a small store. I often wonder if she wouldn't like them to match her different costumes. But it's all in the way of business, so we have no complaint."

"No two pairs of eyes in the world are just alike in shape, size or color. The largest variety of glass eyes in the country is carried in a Boston store which makes a specialty of this line and caters to all New England. It carries 10,000 glass eyes constantly in stock, yet not a week passes that it doesn't have to manufacture a glass eye to fill a special order. But there is not a human eye that cannot be matched perfectly in size, form and color."

"There are now two factories in America where they are made. The largest is over on the East Side in New York, but there are not more than half a dozen employees there."

"The best eyes still come from Germany, the American workmen, even when German workmen fail to get the best results. The trouble seems to be in the annealing of the glass."

Artificial eyes do not drop out, for they are held in place by the lid and by vacuum suction. But they explode, which is a dealer's term to signify that they break to pieces in the socket, without any apparent reason. On the whole, they must be replaced about as often as spectacles.

"The acids secreted by the eye also pit the glass eye, discolor it and wear off its polish. An artificial eye is always crying, the tear ducts having been abnormally sensitized."

"Nine persons out of ten believe that a glass eye is a solid ball. It is a hollow shell. A solid ball would be too heavy for an eye socket to support. Even the heaviest individuals in some cases."

"Do you see these eyes?" bringing out a tray of distorted and discolored creations. "A recent development of the art has produced exact reproductions of diseased eyes for the benefit of medical schools."

"This is very valuable, as the natural spectacle of any one in a busy profession is so rare that many students might pass their school days without learning to know them." He poked the grisly things about with every individual eye.

"For many years all the glass eyes in America came from Germany. Families of peasant artisans made them, as they do the German toys, in the districts of the Black Forest, or other remote regions."

"The secret of the manufacture was carefully guarded and passed down generation after generation in the same family. The Muellerers were the first family that ever made them."

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A Booklover of a Type That Is Passing Away.

A well dressed old man with a cheerful face and an introspective look in his eye shuffled out of a downtown second-hand book store carrying a package containing three or four volumes of Balzac that he had picked up for a song. His manner indicated that he was loath to leave the book shop.

Headless of the cold, he stood on the sidewalk for fully twenty minutes inspecting a heap of castaway classics that had been piled up on a table outside the store. A hand painted sign slapped on a chunk of yellow cardboard told that the books were 15 cents apiece.

The bookworm rummaged until his eye fell upon a moth-eaten copy of Percy's "Reliques," which he snapped up and added to his collection.

"There is a typical booklover of a past generation," said the second-hand dealer, "a man who buys books not to read, but for the pleasure of owning them."

"The pride of possessing books is to him what the possession of money is to the miser. There are not many of his kind left in New York now. I am sorry to say."

"I have sold over a thousand books to that old man during the last twenty years. He has followed me around from place to place as I would change my business location. I have heard that he haunts other second-hand shops as well as mine."

"He never misses a week without coming here and rarely goes away without buying. I think he told me once that he had practiced medicine at any rate, he is well educated and has no use for anything but good science. He reads the books that have stood the test of time."

"He has more books in his old fashioned library than he would ever read in his lifetime. His tastes are catholic and he will take anything from a romance to a commentary on the Scriptures. Poetry, science, history, everything goes with him, provided it is not too modern."

"I verily believe he thinks there hasn't been a book written since the civil war that is fit to read. He says the modern authors make him tired."

"I have sold him eight different sets of Shakespeare, and he judges everything by the Shakespearean standard. The nearer

an author comes to that level the higher will his stock rise in the old man's estimation. If it wasn't for these old bookworms who accumulate books for the joy of owning them the second-hand dealers would stand no chance in New York. The department stores would put us out of business."

"All my business is done with men past fifty. Women never come here to buy. They patronize the newstands, and the hunters and seekers for rare volumes, because 'The old fellows formed the habit of going to the second-hand stores before the department stores came into existence. They don't give it up. Besides, they like a book with a musty flavor to it, and the more it has been thumbed the better it suits them. They are nothing for appearances."

"Twenty years from now the stores which handle second-hand books exclusively will be a thing of the past. Their numbers grow less each year. If it wasn't for the old men I speak of we wouldn't be in the hunt even now. There will always be a certain amount of trade from relic hunters and seekers for rare volumes, but not enough to make it worth while."

"Just the same, New York will lose one of its most picturesque industries. The second-hand book store is driven to the wall."

Why Some Watches Keep Better Time Than Others.

Although experts recently testified in court that a watch which does not lose or gain more than five seconds a month is an excellent timepiece, American watches are occasionally seen that do not gain or lose more than five seconds a year. Such a watch, however, is so good that it cannot be expected to yield any such result.

Few chronometers gain or lose less than a tenth of a second a day. With the chronometer the important thing is not that it shall run very close, but that its rate of variation shall be regular. The same is true of watches, but their size makes it difficult to assure regularity.

You may reasonably hope that a watch which sells to the dealer without a case for \$100 or \$150 may be regulated to a few seconds a month. The best watches are sent to the National Observatory to be observed and regulated, and from those thus carefully treated the most regular are selected as standard watches. Even so, a watch may be regulated as to run very close to correct time, but the regulation may be such as to make it run very close to wrong time, and may cost almost as much as the original price of the watch. For this reason cheap watches are for the most part not very closely regulated.

A ROBIN HUNT IN THE TARHEEL STATE.

They pick robins off trees in North Carolina. A young insurance inspector who has just returned from the South brings with him this queer story of this new kind of sport.

"I was in Ramsur, N. C., near Charlotte on the Ashbury and Aberdeen railway," said he, "when one evening a young fellow about my own age asked me to go with him for a robin hunt."

"That doesn't sound very exciting," I replied. "How do you hunt them?"

"Why, you take a hawk and a jug of corn whiskey and drive a little way out into the country and pick them off the trees."

"Back up, old man, I said, 'you must

be thinking of swallows.' "He insisted that he was serious and the upshot of it was that I found myself in a rickety hack with the inevitable demijohn of corn whiskey, and sure enough he had had some corn to carry away the robins, and a couple of torches. Two or three other similarly laden conveyances were following.

"We got out in a little dip in the land, and the torches were lighted. And there on the bushes were hundreds and hundreds of robins which, in a large established hunting ground, were resting in the warm shelter of the dip in the land. Those of them that were awakened by the glare of the torches blinked sleepily and chirped impatiently at the interruption of their nap."

"The whole party fell to and actually

picked them off the bushes with their hands and filled their bags as fast as they could. Talk about getting a bag of game! The robins were as numerous as the grass, and then punctuate the performance with a swig of corn whiskey, which is the rarest, hottest stuff I ever tasted in my life."

"This continued until the booze began to get in their heads, and then a fellow fell down with a crash in the thickest part of the bushes. The whole flock rose with a sudden, and disappeared into the darkness. We had been moving softly hitherto, but now we were in a full-on chase, and the higher branches had been knocked down."

"That's about all there is to the story, except that it is the funniest sensation I ever felt to wake up in the morning with my head on a bag of live robins."

STORIES OF BLIND MEN'S SKILL.

Blind Man a Typewriter.

From the Indianapolis News.

A blind typewriter operator, George W. E. Raper, is employed at the Atlas engine works. He is not only an operator, but is a rapid and accurate one, and no one would suspect, seeing his rapid and confident manipulation of the keys, that he cannot see. He works in the same manner as his numerous companions. Letters, messages and telegrams are dictated to a graphophone, and the graphophone in turn dictates its message to the stenographer.

In learning the use of a machine he had placed on the keys raised dots, known as the New York court system, that represented letters corresponding to the letters of the alphabet. When he learned the location of the keys the raised dots were dispensed with, and now he can use almost any typewriter with a universal shift keyboard. He has been employed in several establishments as a typewriter operator, not using a graphophone, but taking dictation direct upon his machine. Mr. Raper is handicapped in one manner, and that is in the correction of his manuscript. But on account of the ordinary typewriter operator who can see, as he has learned to make exceedingly few typographical errors.

Blind Angler and Organist.

From the London Chronicle.

A resident of the Potteries, who has been spending his holidays in East Anglia, has been fishing in the company of an expert angler who is absolutely blind.

hook, cast out, and tell him he has the slightest nibble."

The blind angler is also an accomplished musician and has charge of the organ at the parish church.

Cheerfully Told as Farmers.

From the Kansas City Journal.

About four miles west of Maple, Kan., live two brothers who for twenty years have conducted their farm and kept house for themselves, and are entirely blind and the other nearly so. Their names are Elijah and William McNeill. They live in a dugout which is a sort of combination of a sub house and cellar.

Elijah Bunnell has been blind for the last twenty years, and William has lost the sight of the corneas, but the vision of the other is extremely limited.

High crops and wood and the ordinary farm work and either of them could do and perform the usual stunts of housework as if they were in possession of all their faculties, and for the corneas they are always cheerful and go about singing and whistling.

Two Smart Blind Georgians.

From the Georgia Correspondence Atlanta Journal.

A wonderful couple are the Barron brothers, who live on Broad street, this city. Although they are both totally blind and have been so afflicted since birth, they are well educated and well-to-do. They are about 20 and 23 years of age respectively. They go

arm in arm wherever they want to go without the aid of a guide or even a walking cane.

They are familiar with the town, and go about the streets, dodging teams and street cars and never losing against their fellow pedestrians. They frequently visit the post office and get any store in town if given ordinary directions for finding it. They are cheerful and get more out of life than many who are more fortunate.

Drives Sprit-Horses, Hides Bicycle.

From the Weekly.

Stephen Mullins, of Denver, Pa., does things remarkable in one who moves, as he does, in continual darkness. His senses of touch and hearing are very keen. He works in the field. He sows, uses the rake and the hoe, helps harvest the crops, milks, dubs trees and what is still more remarkable, drives spirited horses and rides a bicycle.

The boy is as bright and cheerful as any of his associates. He is able to harness a horse unaided and to drive several miles to the village where the household supplies are obtained. Every morning it is his duty to hitch a horse to a milk wagon and drive it to the village. In this drive he is compelled to cross railroad tracks at two points.

Spirited horses are his delight, and two belonging to his father which are too wild for the average man to handle with safety, are used by him without a thought of danger. It is useless for other persons than he to approach these animals. The young man does not work, ride or walk in a beating manner, after the usual fashion of the blind. He takes a fast horse out on the road and gallops at full speed, turning out for vehicles and other horses and rounding sharp corners without pulling up. On his wheel he rides as if possessed of full sight and can be seen alone miles from his home.

THE RECORD SMASHERS OF 1904

The strenuous record smashers made things hum during the year just closed. The high water mark was attained in various feats, episodes and events noted throughout the country, ranging from the grave to the gay and from the ludicrous to the grotesque.

Chicago produced the prize villain, a man who was accused in court by his wife, sister and employer with desertion, ingratitude, theft, lying, intemperance, profanity and singing "Bedelia" when the neighbors wanted to sleep. This champion simply failed to live up to his opportunities, or he might have posed as the much-wanted Pat Crowe and the man who struck Billy Patterson.

A Pennsylvania farmer won a medal from his neighbors by having his wife arrested for cruelty because she insisted on working a phonograph overtime on the tormenting air "Hiawatha," in spite of all protests.

In St. Louis a thirsty man drank nine quarts of whiskey in twenty-four hours, and died. Even the Prohibitionists must now admit that rum has some value.

The classic town of Evanston, the seat of Northwestern University, developed the biggest pie eater of the year. Five thick, juicy pies A la mode—smothered in ice cream—devoured at a single sitting was the new record set by Ed O'Loughlin in a contest with Lawrence English, who lost by half a pie.

But in the drinking line Harry E. Vale of Englewood, a Chicago suburb, seems to have taken the bun.

"Heydrank up our bakery," said Mrs. Vale, in her suit for divorce. "It was a pretty big drink, but he swallowed it in short order."

Checks to saloon keepers aggregating several thousand dollars, showed what that big drink had cost.

An ambitious Missourian wrote 40,088 words on a postal card, a feat in chirography almost as difficult to achieve as would be a sane explanation as to why he did it.

During a fire in a New York hotel a woman dressed herself in less than fifteen minutes. This record is likely to stand for at least a century.

NEW CHAMPIONS.

Percy T. Bennett is a man that New Jersey judges called the champion long distance pianist of the world—without waiting to hear from all the young ladies who are practicing "The Maiden's Prayer." In a Newark theatre he battered out "Farewell, My Lady Love," &c. for twenty-four hours at a stretch, when compassionate friends interfered and dragged him home bodily, though he threatened another explosion.

One hundred and ten times in seven years was the moving record of the Whelan family of New York, and a moving tale it furnished in a Harlem court when Mrs. Whelan testified against her husband for non-support and drew weird word pictures of his nomadic habits.

Mr. Whelan looked as if still another move would have changed him up somewhat, when he told the judge the only way she could get money from her roving spouse was to take it out of his trousers pockets while he was asleep.

SOME OLD PEOPLE.

Moses A. Cleveland, said to be a cousin of the ex-President, set a new pace for octogenarians. At Worcester, Mass., he and another veteran of the civil war, each being 80, ran a half-mile foot race. Cleveland won the dash by several yards, and a box of cigars into the bargain, whereas he challenged a group of his age in the world's famous race, at last accounts.

While the exploits of the old boys are under review, those of the girls should not be forgotten; and Mrs. Margaret Black of Greene county, Pa., deserves first mention. At the celebration of her ninety-third birthday in August it was announced that she had never been fifty miles away from the place of her birth and had never ridden in a railway train, nor ever seen a modern automobile.

This remarkable old lady's descendants include six children, forty-three grandchildren, 119 great-grandchildren and 26 great-great-grandchildren.

A RECORD IN SPELLBINDING.

Shrewd guessers naturally would pick Indiana as the scene of the latest record breaking in political oratory. In the last campaign Congressman Landis delivered sixty speeches in less than a month. This record was spellbinding produced two by his own reelection and a throat affection which temporarily looked his jaws.

Miss Maggie Albany's remarkable achievement as a Sunday school pupil brought her a gold watch early in 1904. For twenty-eight years, without a single deviation, she had attended the services of the Ebenezer Methodist Sunday school in Philadelphia. She began at the age of 8 years.

"If I die at 80," she said proudly, "it will be a seventy-seven years' record."

AMBITIOUS WOMAN.

Miss Annie S. Peck of Chicago returned from South America with new laurels as a mountain climber. Among her feats was the ascent of Sorata